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AND VALLEY FARMER.

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NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AGRICULTURE.

EDUCATING COLTS.

Most of our vicious, balky, kicking, runaway horses, are made so by improper training. Violence is generally used instead of kindness. The horse is an intelligent animal. He has the senses of hearing, seeing, smelling, feeling and tasting in as high a degree as man. These senses make him intelligent. If he is treated kindly he appreciates it, and if treated brutally he retaliates. He must be taught that you are his best friend, that he can put his trust in you. The savage Arab treats his horse more kindly, more intelligently, than many of our civilized Americans.

Fear is the great passion to overcome in the colt. He fears you will hurt him and keeps as far out of your way as possible. He looks at you—but that is not enough; he smells of you, or endeavors to—but that does not satisfy him; if unbroken he must feel of you or everything before it touches him. Turn an unbroken colt in a stall and reach a whip or stick towards any part of his body, and he will put his lips to it and feel of it to see whether it will hurt him, before he will allow it to touch him. But every part of his body and limbs must be handled gently till he sees you do not intend to hurt him. He will soon become used to you and let you handle him as you choose.

When the colt is two or three years old it should be bridled, and parts of the harness should be put on and left on him to show him it will not hurt him. If the colt is three years old, a light man or boy may lay over his back, and by-and-by sit on him while in the stall. Every day or two repeat this operation, and you can soon ride him without trouble. At two years old the colt is too young to be ridden.

After the colt is used to the harness, it must be driven for two or three days without being hitched to anything, and taught that it will not be hurt. The fear of injury must be removed from his mind.

After being used to the harness, we prefer to put him before a light sulky. This we do without fastening him to it, so that in case he should act badly we can easily free him from it. He wants to learn that it will not hurt him, and then he will be gentle as a kitten. Then we fasten him to it, using great care not to let him get frightened, so as to kick, or run away. The sulky is preferable to a wagon, for if he wants to turn round he can do it and injure nothing. He can wheel to the right or left, or back, without injury to the vehicle, and without turning it over or getting scared. Now drive him three or four miles a day very gently. Don't try to get any speed out of him. Let him learn what you want of him and how you manifest your wishes. When he learns these, he is always ready to respond to them. After he becomes perfectly gentle he can be put before a light wagon—a skeleton wagon is preferable. A heavy wagon will soon drag the spirit and life out of him. A skeleton wagon is so light that he can travel with the greatest ease. If your

colt is a fine natural traveler, you should let him have occasional spurts of speed—never so long as to tire him, or make him leg weary, or he will become too anxious to break his gait to get rest. If you wish to develop his speed as a trotter he should have four or five miles of work daily, letting him trot his best for a quarter of a mile a couple of times during the drive. It is regular work that he wants—not too much but just enough to keep him healthy, hardy and feeling well. Don't urge him too much, or if he has plenty of mettle don't let him overdo. See that he trots square, that he improves a little, if possible, each day. If you see that he is losing spirit don't drive him so far, or don't speed him so much. If he does not feel as well some days as others rest him up. If he does not improve in his gait something is wrong and you must study to ascertain the cause, and then remove it. Perhaps the bit does not suit. Nearly every trotting horse requires a bit peculiar to his disposition. Try various ones and then use that which you find best adapted to him. By all means do not teach him to tug and pull with the bit. Many think that a strong pull with the bit is very essential to a fast trotter. It is one of the most serious faults a young horse can have. Hold him lightly. He will soon learn just what is wanted of him through the sensitive touch of the rein connecting with his mouth. The magnetic wire will not more surely communicate intelligence than the reins of the expert driver communicates his will to the mind of the horse.

But to make a fast trotter is a work of years. A horse will improve in speed till he is fifteen or twenty years of age if not overworked. Trainers are anxious to make fast trotters too soon. They overdo the thing. It is a work of time and careful training.

But it is not every colt that will make a fast trotter. Though the gait of every colt can be improved—it is not even one in a hundred that can be made fast. Much depends upon breed, upon game, spirit, gait. But when these are favorable, great improvement can be made. And these qualities can be produced by breeding. Attention heretofore has been wholly devoted to breeding running horses. The day for breeding the trotter is now dawning; and they will be found the most profitable and valuable horses to breed. Sufficient experiment has already been made by R. A. Alexander and others to prove that trotting horses are not a mere matter of chance—that they can be bred as well as the racer. See the splendid trotters that have been sired by Pilot, Jr., owned by Mr. Alexander. See the colts of the renowned Hambletonian, and then say, if you can, that fast trotters cannot be bred—there is this advantage in breeding trotting horses over running horses—that a running horse of moderate speed is of but little value, while trotting horses, if not the fastest, always command a value just in proportion to their rate of speed.

A horse that can trot a mile in three minutes is more valuable than one that can trot in three and a half minutes, and one that can trot in two minutes and a half far more valuable than one that

can trot in three minutes. In our cities there are always gentlemen wanting horses of fine gait and possessing a good rate of speed for their own driving, and they are always willing to pay for these qualities. We wish to say nothing disparaging to the race horse, but we do wish to call attention to the importance of breeding a better class of roadster horses. We shall have more to say in future numbers of the Rural World, on this subject.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

HUNGARIAN GRASS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: I would say something in favor of this much abused and neglected crop, being convinced from experience of its value for hay and healthfulness for stock.

Many are of the opinion that it is injurious, sometimes even killing stock. Last year, when I raised some, men would say to me "It will kill your horses"—in fact I did not find one who advocated its use, hence it is that I would speak in its favor.

I will not deny that if left standing until the seed is hard and ripe, and the stalk hard and woody, it may be injurious and sometimes kill stock; but when cut as soon as in flower, and properly cured, it is as good a hay as can be made from any other plant. I made some last year, and cut early; and my stock prefer it to any hay I have been able to buy, and it has had no bad effect that I can perceive; I am only sorry that I have no more of it to feed.

But some one asks, "Why is it that if it is as good as you say, it has got such a bad name?" to which I answer, farmers, as a rule, cut all their grass and grain much too late; all hay should be cut from the time it is in flower until it is out of flower, because the nutriment which goes to form the seed is then in the stem and leaves of the plant; and if cut and properly cured then, will remain in it, and the hay so made will be sweet, tender and nutritious. But, if left standing until the seed matures, the nutriment, which was diffused through the plant while it was in flower, is concentrated in the seed—the stalks and leaves are dry, woody and not so nutritious; and in feeding the seed when small (as all grass seed are not masticated by the animal, but pass through entire,) much of the nutriment is lost, and sometimes these seed ball up in the animal's stomach and cause death: hence it is Hungarian has been condemned by many; but any one will plainly see that if cut before the seed is formed nothing of the kind can happen.

Some object to it because it is an exhausting crop, but I think that is a very poor objection to urge—when you get large crops it is to be expected that that crop will draw more nutriment from the soil in a given time; then when you get but a small crop; so with Hungarian, if you get from two to four tons of hay to the acre, and perhaps take two crops from the ground the same season, it is to be expected that it will exhaust the soil if nothing is returned in the shape of manures to compensate the soil for the large draft upon it.

In conclusion, let me urge all those who see

that they will be short of feed, or want hay, and have no meadow of Timothy or clover, to sow some Hungarian—cut early and cure properly, and I do not think that they will be sorry for it.

E. A. RIEHL.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

HOW TO SHEAR A SHEEP.

This is a very important matter, much more so than is generally considered. Some people appear to think that the only point is to get the wool off the sheep, no matter how it is accomplished. We have repeatedly seen men shear their sheep in the most uncomfortable and awkward way for themselves, and with absolute cruelty to the sufferer. Some people seize the poor animal roughly by the wool—and after tying all four feet together, place it in the most uncomfortable position, haggling the skin and cutting out pieces from the size of a silver half dime, to that of a half dollar, at nearly every clip.

Now there are a few very simple rules, which if observed carefully, will obviate all these difficulties:

1st. Take your sheep, with the right hand, by the right hind leg, and passing your arm underneath its body just back of the forelegs, lift him gently but firmly up, sitting him down on his rump, still keeping hold of his right hind leg with your right hand.

2d. Most people prefer an elevation of two or three feet from the floor—a small table—about three by three feet. We think it better that your table should be not more than two feet high. Now if you wish to tie your sheep, do so with a large cord—(a small one will not do, as it irritates, and sometimes cuts through the skin—especially if the sheep struggles much.) Tie the right fore to the left hind leg. It is unnecessary to bind all four, and obstructs instead of facilitates the process of shearing.

3d. Now (with a good pair of shears—well sharpened) clip the wool from the cheeks, under the jaw, and then the back side of head, then down below the jaw, the under side of the neck and the left breast and belly. Next turn your sheep a little and shear down the back side of the neck and the right side, from the spine as far as the hip. Now if you have tied the legs as we have described (that is the right fore and left hind), reverse it and tie the left fore and right hind. Then clip the wool off the right breast and belly. Again turn your sheep a little, and commence on the left side of the neck where you left it, and shear the left side up to the spine. Next clip the hips, first the left, then the right, then last of all, very carefully cut off the dung locks.

We have described the process as we prefer it. But some of the best and rapides shearsers in America and England, refuse to tie their sheep, preferring a clean floor to a stand or elevation of any kind.

Indian corn gives rich milk, used as feed, for awhile, but afterwards changes from milk to fat, and is apt permanently to hurt the milking qualities of the cow. Avoid the free use of corn to milkers.



HORTICULTURAL.

NORTON'S VIRGINIA SEEDLING.

The demand for this grape for vineyard planting, has been unprecedented the past season.—While most vineyardists are abandoning the propagation of the Catawba, on account of its liability to be attacked by mildew or rot, the propagation of Norton's Virginia is going on at a rapid rate, and still the demand is not half met. It is very difficult to propagate it from cuttings, or its dissemination would be far more rapid. It is now propagated almost entirely by layering.

Unlike the Catawba, this variety succeeds well on low lands as well as high—in valleys as well as on hills—in the prairie regions as well as in timbered lands. It is not a table grape. The berries are small and the quality inferior for eating purposes. No one recommends this variety in this respect. It is for the dark red, rich wine that it makes, that it stands so high. It resembles strongly the pure Port and Burgundy wines. But how little pure wine of those kinds do we get! There is not enough Port wine made from grapes to supply St. Louis County. It is nearly all manufactured by artificial means. It will not be many years till we shall be exporting Virginia Seedling wine to Europe. In such high esteem is this wine held in St. Louis, that the price is exorbitant. We want to see more produced, so that it can be had at lower rates. It is an excellent tonic, and is used by invalids with great benefit—hence, the demand for it is great, and it will increase the more widely it is known. Those who contemplate going into the vineyard business, should, by all means, plant largely of this variety. They will find it highly remunerative.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

WHAT SHALL WE PLANT?

This is a question often asked by the amateur who has just settled in the Great West, and attempts to gather around his home, some of the beauties of nature. His experience has been limited, and he is at a loss what to plant that may prove hardy and give the most satisfaction for the limited labor he can bestow upon them.

He takes the first step probably to gain the requisite information, by procuring books treating on the subject and reading the Rural Journals of the day; but these are generally filled with glowing descriptions of new fruits and plants, so that in most cases, the horticultural topics they contain are far from being in any way serviceable to the new beginner. We would not say or write one word against the introduction and dissemination of new and rare plants, but at all times would encourage it to the utmost of our power; but we are addressing a class of the "World's" readers, whose object is not to experiment with new and untried plants, but to gather around them, in their wild forest openings, ornamental shrubs and floral plants of established characters of hardiness and well known qualities as free bloomers.

We have hundreds of plants and shrubs that answer this purpose in every respect, blooming freely from March until November's frost has seared them. We name a few leading shrubs and perennials which fully answer the purpose to which we have called attention, which by the smallest amount of care bestowed upon them will richly repay with a succession of beautiful and fragrant flowers through all the growing season.

Almost ere February's snows have passed away, the Crocus and the "Chaste snow-drop, ventures harbinger of spring," usher in the gay season of flowers, and these are quickly followed by the Jonquils and Hyacinths.

"Their odors lavishing; on the soft west wind."

The Violets, Anemones, Iris, Tulips, Crown Imperials, Columbines and a score of other hardy herbaceous plants, with the flowering shrubs, such as the Pink, Mezereum, Lilac, Quince, flowering Almond, Purple Magnolia, Snow Ball, and many others we have during the spring months, scatter

"Fresh beauty all around our paths."

June, truly, is our floral month, and the displays of beauty she affords us are enough to charm the most careless and unnatural to cultivate a taste for flowers. June gives us the

pompous Peonia—the fragrant Pinks and Carnations, the Wistaria, Honeysuckle, and the Rose, a favorite of all.

"Because its breath is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death."

The varieties are numerous and nearly all are hardy, the Perpetuals and the Sales of the Perpetual Moss especially are, alone, a continuous garland of bloom from June until frost cuts them off.

Later in the season we have the various varieties of Spireas, Altheas, Stuartia, Trumpet Creepers and Aristochia. Among the Perennials that bloom in the latter part of the summer, we have the Campanula, the Dielytra, the Fox Glove, Phlox and the well known Hollyhock. Add to these a few beds of annuals, and we think any person could not but feel some degree of pride, in having such attractive objects around the home of his; a few years before, an unbroken wilderness.

Thus we have presented to your attention, readers, a few old and well known plants, not because of their superior beauty, fragrance and rarity (though we confess they possess all these in our estimation)—but they are hardy, all they require is to be planted, kept free from weeds, and they will bless us with their beauty and fragrance.

Those having the time and taste to give extra cultivation of course will obtain finer specimen plants as well as flowers; but they will thrive admirably, even with indifferent attention. Planting should become more popular with us. It is not enough that we have boundless forests. Social loving man, requires something more. And can there be any art more noble than that of adorning our homes with rural beauty. Those who cannot appreciate such, have but little taste and sympathy for the good and beautiful in their natures.

RURALIST, Weston, Mo.

THE PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY.

As the Philadelphia is destined to supersede all other raspberries here, as a field crop (unless some superior should yet be discovered), a short account of its history may not be improper.

About the year 1838, Frederick Bedeker, then a resident of the County of Philadelphia, discovered a plant growing in a wood near his dwelling which he had removed to the garden, and there cultivated for about fifteen years before distributing the plants, and then only spared them to relatives and particular friends. Its great vigor, hardiness and wonderful productiveness, never failing to produce an enormous crop of fruit, soon attracted the attention of horticultural gentlemen, one of whom paid a hundred dollars for a few plants to cultivate from. It has been so thoroughly tested during the last ten years by side of the leading varieties, both native and foreign, and proved to be far superior to any other kind in cultivation here, that its character is now well established as being the best hardy raspberry known.

The situation and character of the ground are not very material; we have it growing on a variety of soil from a light blowing sand to a strong clay or loam, with a Northern, Eastern and Southern exposure, and in every position it is perfectly healthy, yielding abundant crops, varying only in magnitude according to the strength of the soil. A plantation of two years' standing has yielded over two hundred bushels per acre.

The canes are smooth, purple, and remarkably strong and firm, bearing up their heavy load of fruit without the assistance of stakes or wire.

The fruit is large, of a purplish red color, rather darker than the Antwerp, rich and juicy, and bears carriage to market well.

It is an upright grower, *Rubus Strigosus*, propagates itself by throwing up suckers, and not from the tips of the canes like the *Rubus Occidentalis* and other native varieties. It is the only raspberry we have ever grown yielding more bushels to the ground than strawberries, and with half the labor.—*William Parry's Fruit Circular.*

ZINC LABELS.

EDITOR: RURAL WORLD: As many of your readers are planting orchards and wish to label their trees, so as always to tell the varieties, I will give them a recipe which is reliable, and the writing I will guarantee to be permanent for ten years at least.

Procure one ounce of verdigris; one ounce sal ammoniac; half an ounce of lamp black; half a pint of water. Mix altogether in an earthen vessel, using no metal to stir the contents. Keep in a bottle and shake well before using. Have your labels of clean, bright zinc, of proper size. Take a clean quill pen and write the name of variety on the label and the name is indelible.

The above will make enough for twenty persons' use, and a less proportionate quantity may be made.

FAIRIS GROWER.

POSTS FOR GRAPES.

ED. RURAL WORLD: What is the best timber for posts for trellises for grape vines, and of what length and thickness should they be, and when should they be cut to last the longest.

YOUNG GRAPE GROWER.

We do not know to what timber you have access—but Cedar, Post Oak, White Oak, Mulberry, Sassafras and Catalpa, all make good timber for posts. They should be cut seven feet long, and split so as to form posts about three inches, or a little more, in thickness. Sharpen the ends, and get gas tar, which heat till it boils, and then plunge the posts about a foot and a half in the tar, letting them remain a couple of minutes. This will make them last as long again as they otherwise would. Gas tar can be obtained at the gas works of any city at cheap rates. It fills the pores of the wood, and like paint keeps out the moisture.

February is recommended by many as the best month for cutting timber to insure its lasting properties. We do not think it makes any difference what month it is cut in, in winter; if winter is the better season to cut it to preserve it sound. The tree in winter is in a state of rest, and in the summer it is making growth and is filled with sap. Some pretend that August is the best month to cut timber, to have it last. Have not some of our readers made experiments or had experience, so as to set us right in this matter. As at present informed, we should recommend cutting posts and preparing them in winter.

Small Fruit Drawers.

N. J. COLMAN, Esq: On reading the article on making cases for marketing small fruits, in the *World* of Feb. 15, I thought it would be well if each drawer contained some specified quantity of our standard measures. Now if the drawers are 20 inches wide and 2 inches deep, by making them 26½ inches long in the clear, each will contain a half bushel less 1-5th of an inch, which is near enough for all purposes.—This will save the trouble and injury of second measurement when selling by the bushel, which is important, especially with tender fruit.

Webster, Mo.

J. J. KELLY.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

STREET TREE PLANTING.

It is surprising what changes may be produced by a very little tree planting. How pleasant, of a hot summer day, is the beautiful shade tree by the road side to the traveler. Those trees growing in the street before your neighbor's door, he would not part with for ten times their value.

It is said that "in some parts of New England, societies are formed for the improvement of neighborhoods, by planting trees around the churches and burying grounds; also, along the streets of villages and country roads, with groves on commons, or vacant corners, thrown into highways at road crossings." A day is set apart for street tree planting, and the appointed time is looked forward to with great interest and regarded as a sort of holiday. Each succeeding year failures are made good, and the line of road tree planting extended—either from the forest or with cultivated trees, which are frequently supplied gratis by enterprising nurserymen. These trees, besides beautifying the whole country, are a real blessing and comfort during the hot days of summer, and serve as a belt to break the chilling blasts of winter.

Are not these examples worthy of more general imitation in these prairie lands of the West? If we cannot form an association for street tree planting, let us, individually, set out this spring one tree, if no more, in the street by our dwellings. Let us do it well, and care for it properly afterwards; and if we never did another good act, methinks that in the day of account coming, we would find at least one long white mark to our credit. Be that as it may, let me plant trees, and let them grow along the street by my dwelling and in the neighborhood, not doubting that they will prove a blessing—if not to me, yet to those who follow after.

Macoupin Co. Ill. RURALIST.

VEGETABLE OYSTER.—There is no vegetable that the lover of the real oyster would value more than this easily cultivated plant. When once in a garden, they are not soon destroyed. They should have good soil, and be cultivated like other spindle shaped roots.

PRUNING THE CATAWBA.

ED. RURAL WORLD: I have a couple dozen Catawba grape vines, three years old—but having never been taught how to prune grape vines, am at a loss how to proceed. Please inform me, and oblige

A YOUNG FARMER.

[REMARKS.—Many think there is a great mystery about pruning the grape vine, when, in reality, it is one of the simplest things in the world. If you will bear in mind that your fruit is produced on the cane of the previous year's growth, and that you must yearly produce a new cane or canes for the production of fruit, you will get along well enough. After your cane is grown, it must be cut back in early spring, before the swelling of the buds—leaving from ten to twenty eyes, according to the strength of the plant. A strong plant can be allowed two or three canes for fruiting. Select such canes as are well ripened, and that are of medium size.

You must cut back one cane to two eyes, commonly called a spur of two eyes, as close to the ground as you can well get them, for the production of canes to bear the following year. Cut away all the old bearing wood, leaving nothing but the shortened canes for fruit, and the spur just spoken of. This is all that is requisite for spring pruning. We shall speak of summer pruning hereafter.]

Keeping Apples.

COL. COLMAN—What would be the effect of sprinkling water on apples, that have shriveled from being kept too dry? Would it restore their plumpness; and would it have any tendency to induce or hasten decay? Would sprinkling the floor of an apple house, which is of dry sand, occasionally with water, keep apples plump—where dryness is the only fault to the apple house? H. B. Williamsburg, Mo.

[Will our experienced fruit growers and fruit keepers answer the above queries.—ED.]

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

Uncle Ben Talks About Gooseberries.

Yes, John, grub 'em up; what is the sense or use of 'em, when we can so easily have a gooseberry that's worth raising; I mean, John, them old, long-shanked bushes, Joe dug up in the timber when we first moved West, twenty years ago. Then, you know, we could get nothing better, and we thought those old, wild gooseberries better than none—and so they were, but they are behind the times now.

When we can easily get the Houghton gooseberry, and in two years have all the berries we need on one-fourth of the ground them old wild ones take up—it strikes me that it is good sense to make the change.

Yes, John, grub 'em up. The berries from them bushes are enough to make a pig squeal to eat 'em—and then they take up too much room.

I mean, John, them old 'scrappy' things in the corner of the garden, there. I want the place for the Houghton gooseberry—that always bears good, nice berries and never mildew.—And, besides, we will then have room enough left for one or two Concord grapes, which we can train on the fence, if we please—but I think we had better have a trellis for our grapes.

You saw them Houghton's last year at neighbor Tidy's—didn't you, John? We must not allow him to get ahead of us in such matters. So, grub 'em up, John—them native bushes. It takes an awful lot of sugar to make them eatable—the berries, I mean—and that's an important item, you know, in these times of high prices; so don't let us forget to set out the Houghton, this spring. We can just as well have the best as not—and I mean to have 'em—that's so.

Macoupin Co. Ill.

THE QUINCE AS STOCK FOR PEARS.—Mr. Marc, a French horticulturist, now residing at Astoria, L. I., says that he has always been successful with dwarf pears, but he uses only the Fontenay variety with fibrous roots. The Angers was not a good stock, though generally recommended, as it was easy of propagation and a quick grower. Pear culture on the quince has been injured by French agents, who have so tenaciously stuck to and recommended the Angers stock. He imports the Fontenay, paying twice, as much for them as the Angers. French planters have generally discarded the latter for the former stock. Quince stock should always be planted on dry soil.



[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

LOSS.

BY MISS EMELINE CLARK.

Who can look upon life and say,
I am free, and free from its pain to-day,
And its cup is sweet,
No vacant places stare blankly at me,
My treasures are all as they used to be,
And my joy complete?

Ah, no! we look on our life and say,
I have made me idols of crumbling clay,
Which the jar and strife
Of the world has broken, and now for me
There is nothing left as it used to be,

In this wasted life.

When warmth, and light, and dependence at
last
Are gone, and the circle which bound the past,
We see, with pain,

Is rent, and some of the pieces are lost
In this human sea so tempest-tost—
That search is vain.

How we reach about in the dark and cold,
To find those fragments of broken gold;
Or, with aching heart,
We strive to fit the ones that are left,
And, forgetting of what we have been bereft,
Make a whole of the part.

Can we call back hither the vanished hours?
Can we breathe new life into withered flowers,
And make them the same?
New flowers may bloom, new hopes be born,
But the lost is not found till the happy morn;
When we take our new name!

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

ELLA AND EMMA.

A dog is barking in the distance; only one—
else all is still. It is twelve at night. There is
snow; but the thick clouds almost hide it. The
moon has disappeared; and now and then a
star twinkles momentarily; then all is dim
again. The world is asleep, as if it were a great
grave-yard, with the clouds shrouding each
sleeper. And a graveyard it is—in forgetfulness.

How little thought is in motion now! here and
there a solitary lamp beams—not always a stu-
dent's lamp; the sick and the suffering do not
sink into forgetfulness. Ah! that they could!
My little stove attempts to be cheery; but
it is a mere attempt. With the stick I
gave it, it seems to be talking, or trying to be
merry—but it only shows the "shadows on the
wall."

It is the holiday week between Christmas and
New Year. The thought of the olden time—of
the Infant in the manger—a rustic scene indeed,
fit for the humble worshipper; and the song of
the heavenly choir, of "Peace on earth, and
good will to men"—think of it, good will to
mankind!—and the still soberer thought of the
death of the old year, and the exhilarating
thought of the new with all its commotion, its
importance, its deaths and its births—these
things seem all to make a pause now. It is a
time such as never occurs at any other period
of the year. It is a sacred time, if there is
one—a time of serious reflection, and of emotion
—and yet given to hilarity.

While all these thoughts come crowding on,
a few streets off is a small room, where a small
maiden is lying on a small cot, as quiet, as
patient, and as saint-like, as a true saint in
heaven. She is eleven years old, and a few
weeks ago lost a sister, two years younger than
she. They were like twins, dressed alike, talked
alike, and went always together. Emma the
youngest was taken. She had been sick but a
few days. It was a sudden bereavement—a
breaking up of the little band of two, and cast
mourning through the town, for they were
known to every one.

Both had been sick at the same time. Emma
was taken, and Ella was left. She was as
patient, not only through her sickness, but
when her sister was carried away, and the
house was left empty and alone, with the nurse

alone with the child—child! As she lay there
on her couch, she seemed more the adult than
a child of eleven, so quiet, so intelligent, so re-
signed. Ah! had she been well, it would have
been different. But the strong hand of sickness
did this. The thought that this sister was to
follow her mate—it seemed almost fit she
should—that she was on the eve of the way she
had gone, with but life enough to prevent the
cold chill from creeping over her, and her eyes
faintly beaming their light—faintly—not from
pain, but weakness—her mind clear—her
sense intelligent, but quiet, incapable of tears,
of exertion—thinking of her great loss—of the
immediate rent, and the mourning about her,—
while she was but quiet—a live corpse so to
speak—all this made a picture that softened
every heart. The truth is, they mourned the
live sister more than the dead one. But all
this while, from day to day, she mourned not—
could not—but was quiet, pale and saint
like. Had her mourning to be yet—when she
recovered? Ah! there was the rub!

To-night she is still as pale and saint-like—
intelligent, adult in her features—and in her
look more than that—something more, that
cannot be expressed. Handsome her features;
fine her eyes; her forehead. To-night, at this
hour, at twelve, her mother, the image of her
child, is watching at her side. No one watches
but she. "This one must not be taken if I can
help it," is her secret, resolved thought. The
clock strikes the close of the year. One has
been taken; but the other is yet here with the
New Year. F. G.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

Unfermented Bread, without a Patent.

This very valuable article of household econ-
omy has been largely used in our family since
1848, and is an excellent, healthy, economical
and convenient bread.

Dr. Thompson, of Glasgow, Scotland, was the
first who thought of making bread by chemical
effervescence. A pamphlet was published enti-
tled, "Instructions for making unfermented
bread," and in 1848 the following formulae was
published in the *Family Economist*, London:

TO MAKE WHITE BREAD.

Take of Flour, - - - - - 3 lbs.
Bi-carbonate of Soda in fine powder, 9 drs.
Hydro-chloric (muriatic) Acid, specific
gravity, 1.16, - - - - - 12½ fl. drs.
Water, - - - - - 25 fl. ozs.

TO MAKE BROWN BREAD.

Take of Wheat Meal (unbolted flour), 3 lbs.
Bi-carbonate of Soda, in fine powder, 10 drs.
Hydro-chloric acid of 1.16 specific gravity,
12½ fl. drs.

Water, - - - - - 25 fl. oz.

First mix the soda and the flour as thoroughly as possible. This is best done by shaking the soda from a small sieve over the flour with one hand, while the flour is stirred with the other, and then passing the mixture once or twice through a sieve. Next, pour the acid into the water, and diffuse it perfectly, by stirring them well together with a rod of glass or wood. Then, mix intimately the flour and the water, so prepared, as speedily as possible, using a wooden spoon or spatula for the purpose.

The dough thus formed will make two loaves; they should be put into a quick oven without loss of time."

We find that American flour requires a little more water—about 26 ounces. The water should be *pure soft water*; if it is spring water, the effects may not be fully produced. The Bi-carbonate of Soda should be pure and finely powdered. The Hydro-chloric Acid must be the specified weight 1.16. The combination of the Soda and Acid raises the bread and forms the compound known as Muriate of Soda or common salt.

An apothecaries' graduated ounce glass and graduated pint measure, and piece of glass rod which can be easily obtained at the glass work, are what we use. In summer, or at a time bread is unexpectedly required, it will be found very convenient. It makes a pleasant, fine grained, healthy bread, but not so very light and spongy as fermented bread. W. MUN.

A chain of thought binds mighty results, whereas mere links amount to nothing. Hence the success of consecutive thinking.

POETRY OF A LUNATIC.

Here are verses written by an inmate of the Bloomingdale Asylum, of New York—a young lady by the name of Underwood—we believe, Miss C. D. Underwood. Who among our sane sisters can write better poetry?—for this is true poetry, as genuine as madness itself! What a picture! what cadences! We copy from Willis' *Home Journal*, which eulogizes the verses:

THE FISHER BOY.

He lay upon the sands to rest,
His hair clung with the salt sea wet;
Three times the moon had risen and set
Since his small cot at home was pressed.

A pearl white shell was in his hand,
He found it down beneath the sea,
And clasped firm as clasp could be
Of any friend upon the strand;

His bed had been the spongy reef—

No morning sunbeam found him out;

Nor father's call, nor comrade's shout;

Nor mother's sob, nor sister's grief;

He was as cold as cold could be,

The wave's chill touch was on his cheek;

His mouth could smile, but could not speak;

His eye was bright, but could not see.

The waves had tossed him like a child

In play upon his mother's arm,

And rocked him back un-touch'd of harm,

And sang him songs both sad and wild.

Untouch'd of harm. He did not know

What calmed him in such quiet sleep;

Nor never knew such slumber deep.

A babe when cradled to and fro.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

WILLIAM COWPER.

It is often the circumstances that make the
fame of the poet. The mere verse of Cowper
has little to attract: his letters are better poetry.
But most of all, his surroundings are the things
that makes Cowper. The delicate, half-ef-
feminate man, loving his female relatives, and be-
ing loved in return! What a curiosity-shop is
his!—a virtuoso, *sui generis*, that makes the poet,
somewhat as Hawthorne is a poet. Each has
his atmosphere, though there is more gloom in
the American prose-bard, a sort of alchymist's
cloud, that holds a mystery and almost a dread.

The Englishman (the farthest removed from
John Bull) has sunshine in his curiosity-shop;
he has the green fields, and the humor of life.
Even in his complaining there is a half-sun-
shine—and you at once sympathize with his
complaints. The cat receives particular at-
tention. There are few cats like his. And so
with his dogs and hares. What trivial things!
He is troubled much about getting his house in
order against his cousin's coming, the amiable
Lady Hesketh. He protests against not doing
it; and he will be as courageous as a lion upon
her arrival. Then, he addresses his Ouse in
tender lines; rollicks with his cousin over Gil-
pin's great feat. And his Latin, it shows the
refined amateur scholar—who is a scholar
for his own pleasure—and a poet for the
same—all unintentional except in his Iliad
and there he fails. The boddiced Pope beats
there our amiable scholar and poet.

Cowper is not only by himself; but to see how
peculiar, we have to compare him with other pec-
uliar men of his nation. Lamb, the dark shad-
owy, gentle genius of his day; as delicate as
Cowper, more sensitive, more witty, more rash-
ly, sternly honest, if that is possible. Yet,
though seemingly in the same vein, how differ-
ent are the two! What distinct difference of
atmosphere. The quaint, the tender, the re-
fined, in him of the Inner Temple, attached to his
female friends! And may not the same be
said of him of the India House? And yet how
different. "Elia" is popular. But Charles
Lamb's poetry has never ranked high. It is
the man and his circumstances that make the
poet. It is more than all the particular nature,
idiosyncrasy—the air as it were of the man's life
—that makes the great distinction, and stamps the
poetical. We remember these, and are pleased
with poetry—the poetry of their nature, which
they had not the full wit or the means of ex-
pressing in its legitimate channel.

Cowper is such a poet. With his biography
will pass away his poetry. When the letters
are once forgotten, and we see no more the deli-
cate, complaining poet, good bye to the rest!
Still there are small lyrics addressed to his pets,
which will not be forgotten so soon, nor the ever-
memorable spot in the winter landscape—the
Southern Hill-side. There are others. But his
Odes will be lost—even his "Sofa"—and John
Gilpin may ride for many a day, but he will
ride his last when the being that holds the
reins is withdrawn. So jealous—oh! how jealous!
of fame. She may remember Cowper; that
will save his fame. Long may he live, with his
pets, and his female friends!

THE ORIOLE.

The red and black Orioles are found in nearly
all parts of the country. This is a very beauti-
ful bird, with a half-mocking chant, and builds
in our orchards, but more particularly in close
trees, or trees with pendant branches, their
nest itself being pendant or hanging, like a small
sack or flexible basket. But this bird, we wish
it particularly understood, is a useful as well as
an ornamental bird. It slaughters caterpillars
and insects without number. The immediate
vicinity where a nest of this bird is established,
is as sure to be free from vermin, as that brood
in the nest is raised. Several nests on a farm
will purify the farm. And yet some boys, to
secure so much plumage, will destroy these
birds. A law of punishment should be passed
against such an act. Save these birds by all
means, as well as all our song birds. They
are the farmer's greatest help in the insect line.
So it is with the skunk, the owl, and the thievish
crow. They are death on vermin.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

FEBRUARY EVE.

The evening wanes. A small, close hand is laid
In his; cumbersome locks cushion his arm:
He is listening to the heart-life near his own,
That flowed so many a year faithful: and it
Still bears the same full music beat that tuned
It on that night, when the small tell-tale at
The eaves, piped the same melody as now.

Her rest is sweet, in his own life, so near.
All day, her delicate feet had roamed with his,
In the moist snow, the huskin-print constant
Meandering with the iron-shod heel. The trees
Were witness of their toil. Her upturned face
Saw many a huge brush, 'gainst the sky, or that
Same sky broke in a thousand ripples at
Her feet, in the overflowing bucket's brim,
Blue-waved.

The chickadee was kind and gay;
Oft ventured near—and nearer yet, chanting
His little happiness. His comrades hear
His note; they flock about him, one by one,
And then—all follow in their train; yet oft
Will lag, chatty and spright, regretting much
To leave where so much jollity is found.

"Now, if a flower were peeping! Here and there
The earth shows bare, with a faint color out,
Where most the sun shines warm. Soon, soon these
Will bloom," she spoke; and he (in thought) "Oh buds!

What bold ye in your little hands, so close?—
Scaled cornucopias of the wood, like her
Own bosom, blossoming with hidden hope."

She says, "This earth is ours, where we were born,
Where we shall stay: yet not. But see! such blue
It is divine—divinest where you thrones
Of purest white are held by you bright eye."

And then, "These little chatters, whose feet
Are never cold, walk not as we; yet is
Their bird-sense human made by sympathy—
Perhaps by sadness: oh! the sadness of
A bird!" Deep in the hours the evening wanes:
She sleeps. The heart beats on; the soft breath lives.

He marks it come and go, musing, with not
A care-thought for the morrow. Idle man!
A youth again—whiling the time, till tears
Are welling forth.

Of all his wanderings
These many years—of this day's hard, hard toil—
She still is near, resting her head, content.

"OH, KISS ME AND GO"—There is poetry in
the following:

"Oh, kiss me and go," said the maid of my heart,
And proffered her lips as my pay to depart;

"The morn is approaching, my mother will know,
To She gave me the blessing in such a sweet way,
That the thrill of its pleasure enticed me to stay;

So we kissed till the morning came in with its glow,
For she said every moment, "Oh, kiss me and go!"

What animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to
pity and uncommon consideration every woman
builds up during a few years of marriage! Her
inestimable value in the house! How true she
is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her
to despair! How often is she good in spite of
his example! How rarely is she evilly disposed
but by his example! God made her weaker,
that man might have the honest satisfaction
and superior joy of protecting, and supporting her.
To torture her with the strength so in-
trusted him for her good, is to rebel against
heaven's design—it is to be a monster, a cow-
ard and a fool.

KISS.—A receipt given on "paying your ad-
dresses."

STOPPING A LEAK.—Take yellow soap and beat it
up thick with whiting, and rub it into the leak, it will
be found to stop it when other things have failed.

To MAKE YELLOW BUTTER IN WINTER.—Just before
the termination of churning, put in the yolk of eggs.
It has been kept a secret, but its value requires pub-
licity.

MASONIC MATTERS.

Death of the Old Year—Birth of the New.
We seldom arise from a perusal of the *Masonic Monthly Magazine*, edited and published by our Illinois friend and Brother R. W., Chas. W. Moore, of Massachusetts, without being edified. It is really a pleasure to read his editorials, each and every one of which show the culture of the polished gentleman and accomplished Mason.

In the leader for January last, the "Death of the Old Year, Birth of the New," we find the following graphic portraiture of the topmost round of the Masonic ladder—Charity.

Says Bro. Moore: "We have often, in speaking of *Charity*, endeavored to show that much was included in the meaning of that term besides mere giving—that the 'Charity' inculcated by the Masonic, no less than the Christian law, embraces also the cultivation of those kindly feelings, and the exercise of those benevolent courtesies, which are so fully summed up in the Divine precept: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' But the Christmas season is one that peculiarly calls for the practical *Charity* of 'giving.' As we have received freely, so are we bound freely to give. It was in the harsh and threatening winter of man's spiritual year, when the fierce storms of sin seemed about to overwhelm him, that the Lord of Christians came to his rescue and relief—and shall we hesitate to bring what we can to the suffering from the inclemency and trials of earth's natural winter? Nay, rather shall we foolishly and wickedly deprive ourselves from the joy that always spring from a right exercise of this practical *Charity*!"

In this connection there occurs to our mind a beautiful passage in the writings of Rev. Mr. Sherwood in reference to the "blessedness of giving." "There is no man really so poor as he who multiplies the means of life, and knows not how to use them, so as to make himself and others happy. His wealth is all in dust, which will one day be scattered to the winds, when it might be converted by him into the blessing of many ready to perish, and a name which is as ointment poured forth. The life of such an one is as barren of good as the desert which drinks in the rain and in the sunshine, but gives back no verdure of fertility. With the means of making himself and others happy, he lives only to be despised and useless. He does nothing to enrich the earth; he only encumbers it. His mission has no mercy in it, no sympathy, no ministries of good; it is only and utterly selfish. The poor never bless him—the fatherless never look up to him—the widow's tears and thanks never reward him. His name, which he might have embalmed in a thousand grateful hearts, is spoken and remembered only in sorrow if not in execration. And though his wealth may rear a splendid monument over his ashes, and emblazon on it a high-sounding epithet, yet it will only serve to invite the finger of scorn, and posterity will pronounce him 'Creation's blank—Creation's blot.'

"That man is truly rich and happy who has a heart to give freely of what he hath to the cause of human happiness. He may, of his abundance, be able to give his thousands and tens of thousands. But, if you have only the widow's two mites to give, you shall have the reward. No man was ever poorer for what he gave from a benevolent feeling to promote God's glory on earth, and advance human happiness. And it is only when we give so as to feel it, give so as to call the spirit of self-denial into action—give so as to bring the soul into sympathy with the Cross, that we experience the full luxury of giving—the value of property as a means of noble happiness. There it is that the increase, a thousand fold, returns into our own heart, and the two mites of pious sacrifice swell into a great blessing and a precious memorial."

These words so full of truth and eloquence most powerfully commend themselves to every generous, every Christian, every Masonic heart. And here we deem it by no means besides or beyond our proper sphere of duty to earnestly command to all our Brethren a more than ordinary attention to the exercise of this practical *Charity* during this present transition season from the death of the Old Year to the birth of the New, so that they may help to make the latter indeed a 'happy New Year' to many, who would otherwise have no means of securing comfort and happiness for themselves. The high price of all the necessities of life must make this winter one of much more than ordinary trial to the poor, 'who are ever with us,' and just now in increased and increasing numbers. More than ordinary benevolence and *Charity* therefore is called for and due from those whom a kind Providence has blessed with comfort, competence and wealth. Our Brethren, inspired with the impulse of Masonic *Charity*, will, no doubt, readily discern, each for himself, appropriate opportunities and channels for its exercise, and, instead of dwelling further, in our own words, on a theme which every Masonic heart will promptly think—feel—and act out for itself—we will content ourselves with adding some touching and suggestive lines from the same *Masonic-poet* from whom we have already quoted:

"The houses of the poor are o'erloaded with sight; Poverty's sisters are Care and Disease;

!!! TREES !!



And the hard wrestler in life's up-hill fight
Faints in the battle and dies by degrees!
Then let his Brother stand forth in his strength,
Like the Samaritan, swift to procure
Comfort and balm for his struggles at length,
Pouring in peace on the homes of the poor.
Oh! there is much to be done, and that soon—
Classes are standing asunder, aloof;
Hasten, Benevolence, with the free boon,
Hastening as sunshine on Misery's roof!
Hasten good stewards of a beautiful Lord,
Greatly to imitate him evermore,
Binding together, in blessed accord,
The halls of the rich with the homes of the poor."—[N. Y. Minion.]

[Written for Colman's *Rural World*.]

A SNOW SCENE.

"The night was winter in its roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendor of the scene below."—COWPER

And such is the scene now (this 7th day of January, '65.) It had been snowing all day yesterday—and to-day, in these hills of New York, there is a snow scene that it is worth while to look at. Notwithstanding the great "blow" of the forenoon, the posts are still (this afternoon 3½ P.M.) capped, and the roofs heavy with snow. There are drifts against the side hill, and they give a slight shadow from the position of the Western sun—but white all the scene. The snow seems to occupy all. The blue was never so blue; the white never so white. In-doors, the sun is mild, and has the "warmth of May." The stage is jingling by, loaded with trunks and travelers; you can hear but the jingling of the bells—all else is muffled. The white fences of the door-yards are scarcely distinguishable—capped and lined, with the white burden clinging to the pickets and the rails. There is promise of a cold, clear night. Starlight upon this snow!—the moon also. How distinct the yellow gable of the building opposite, with the white mass curling over the cornice! It is a pleasant—a comfortable sight.

INTELLECTUAL WOMEN are seldom beautiful: the formation of their features, particularly their forehead, being more or less masculine. Miss Landon was rather pretty and feminine in the face; but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardos, Miss Leslie, and the celebrated late Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the contrary. One of the Misses Porter had a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man. We never knew of a very talented man who was admired for his beauty.—Pope was awful ugly; Dr. Johnson was no better; and Mirabeau was the ugliest man in France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with the ladies. Women more frequently prize men for the sterling qualities of the mind, than men do women. Dr. Johnson chose a woman who had scarcely an idea above an oyster, and he thought her the loveliest creature in existence, judging from the inscription he left on her tomb.

Comment on the following is unnecessary:

"A Farmer's Wife I'll Be."

I am sorry to expose the short-comings of a "Country Girl," who furnished a couple of very pretty stanzas purporting to be written for the *Rural World*. A due regard for justice however, constrains me to furnish you the real song entire as published a number of years ago. It is a pretty bit of poetry, but unless "Country Girl" is identical with the author of the following verses, she has a bad habit of plagiarism.

FARMER FREEMAN.

I am a wild and laughing girl, just turned of "sweet sixteen"—
As full of mischief and of fun as ever you have seen,
And when I am a woman grown, no city beaux for me:
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love a quiet country life; I love the joyous breeze;
I love to hear the singing birds among the lofty trees;
The lowing herds and bleating flocks make music
sweet for me:

If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to see the orchards, where the golden apples
grow;
I love to walk in meadows, where the bright streams
lets flow,
And flowery banks and shady woods have many
charms for me:
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls who love it best, enjoy the gloomy town,
'Midst dusky walls and dusty streets to ramble up and
down;

But flowery fields and shady woods, make music sweet
for me:

If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

[Written for Colman's *Rural World*.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 10, 24, 17, 4, 6, 11, 8, 18, is the name of a
State.

My 23, 15, 3, 19, 5, 21, 12, 13, is the name of a
State.

My 6, 21, 8, 22, 18, 12, is a County in Illinois.
My 16, 7, 2, 10, 7, 12, is a County in Virginia.

My 9, 24, 14, 19, is a County in Florida.

My 1, 7, 11, 12, 24, is a County in Tennessee.

My 25, 4, 19, is a County in Missouri.

My 20, 9, 7, 19, 13, is a County in Indiana.

My whole is one of the best Western Agricultural and Horticultural journals now printed.

Clarksville, Tenn. R. C. G.

Oil Springs.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Much excitement exists in the country about, on the coal oil prospects. I think it would be a highly interesting matter for your journal to give an account of Belcher's Artesian well in your city. I am under the impression that the earth was penetrated 2,500 feet, and I have never heard of any appearances of petroleum or oil in the progress of the work. I think an account of this enterprise might save much *Castle-in-the-Air* building, at a waste of great expense and mortifying disappointment.

Alton, Ill. Susanna.

A FIRE PROOF GLUE OR CEMENT.—Mix and boil together quicklime and linseed oil. It should be as thick as soft putty, and then spread on tin plates to dry hard. This when used should be melted like common glue and used while hot.

Amongst the Imperial Palaces of the world, there are scarcely any that excel that here represented—the one occupied by the Kings of Prussia at Berlin. The present Emperor is, Frederick William, and the beautiful palace which he occupies is situated in a park, which opens into the celebrated street known all over Europe as the "Unter der Linden." This street is planted with four rows of trees, and is also adorned with an imposing statue of Frederick the Great, whose memory is much revered by the people of Prussia.

Berlin—like most of the cities which were built in the Middle ages—is entirely surrounded by a wall of 16 feet high. There are 16 gates by which entrance can be gained into the city.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

MILK YEAST.—Take half a pint of boiling water, and a half pint of sweet milk, stir in flour to make a batter nearly as thick as fritters. Set in a kettle of warm water, keeping it at the same temperature, and in about four or five hours it will rise and be fit for use. It must be used immediately. Make your bread with warm milk or water, and put it in your pans, and it will rise in an hour. Made in the same way without milk, with the addition of a tea-spoonful each of salt and sugar, will make bread equally good. They are both nice in warm weather. They make bread and biscuit very white, and some prefer it to any other.

KISSES.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add the juice of a lemon or a little rose water. Roll and sift half a pound of the whitest loaf sugar, and beat it with the egg. Spread out white paper on the buttered, and drop a table-spoonful of this mixture on the paper. The oven should be only moderately hot, and when the tops have become hard remove them. Have a solution of gum Arabic, and dip the lower side of the cake, and join it to another.

A CHOICE WEDDING CAKE.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, one of butter, twelve eggs, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, a pound of citron, lemon, nutmeg and mace, to your taste. Beat it all very light. Flour the fruit, and stir in last, and if necessary, add more flour. Have one one large pan, or two smaller ones well buttered, and put in a layer of the cake, and then one of citron sliced thin, and so on until full. It will need a well heated and steady oven, to bake four or five hours according to its thickness. Let it cool gradually in the oven. Ice it when thoroughly cold.

TO MAKE COLOGNE WATER.—Take a pint of alcohol, put in thirty drops of oil of lemon, thirty of bergamot, and half a gill of water. If you desire musk, or lavender, add the same quantity of each. The oils should be put in the alcohol and shook well, before the water is added. Bottle it for use.

TEA CAKES.—Two pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter rubbed in the flour, one pint of milk, one egg, a tea-spoonful of sugar, and a little yeast—make into light dough and set to rise. This is sufficient for twelve large cakes.

AN EXCELLENT AND ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—Par and core half a dozen easily-cooking apples, chop them into small bits; dry some bread in the oven—stale is the best—till it is crisp, then roll it into crumbs; butter a deep dish and place in it a layer of crumbs; then put in the apples, with a little sugar, and such spices as you like; cover the apples with another layer of crumbs, add a little beef suet, chopped as finely as possible; pour in half a pint of milk; bake till nicely browned, and serve with hard sauce.

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with cloth thoroughly saturated with the tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

AN IMPROVED BLACKING.—Take of ivory black and treacle, each twelve ounces; spermaceti oil, four ounces; of white wine vinegar, four pints; mix. This not containing vitriol will not injure the leather.

CURE FOR A WEX.—Take alum salt, make a strong brine, simmer it on a fire, in which wet a piece of cloth and apply it for thirty successive days, and it will disappear.

AN EXCELLENT COMMON FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one of cream; three eggs; cinnamon or nutmeg; a tea-spoonful of salsiferous. Cut as jumbies, or in strips, and twisted, and fried in lard, over low heat.

POTATO PUDDING.—One pint and a half of boiled mashed potatoes, a teacup of sugar, half a teacup of butter, or sweet cream, one cup of flour, one quart of milk, and four eggs. Flavor with lemon peel, nutmeg, or rosewater, a little salt, and bake one hour or more.

Horticultural Meetings.

Alton (Ill.) Horticultural Society.
FRIDAY, February 3, 1865.
The Society met at the residence of S. R. Dolbee,
Esq., in the city of Alton.

Dr. Hull was called to the Chair.
Resignation of Chas. W. Dimmock read, and W. C.
Flagg elected President to fill vacancy.

Geo. Bisenmeyer, Esq., of Mascoutah, Illinois, was
called—he having been requested at the last meeting
to give the members some facts pertaining to old pear
trees and orchards. He read the following:

I have been informed by Mr. Aubry, an intelligent
horticulturist, who has resided in the French Bottom
near Cahokia for the last thirty years, that an
old man upward of one hundred years old told him
that seventy years ago there were large old pear
orchards in the neighborhood of Cahokia, of which
five trees are still remaining, and are in a healthy
and thrifty condition, said trees are from forty to
fifty feet high and about three feet in diameter, they
are never pruned, but average from fifteen to twenty
bushels per year; the ground is cultivated in the
usual manner of farming. They are not affected by
the high water, and in 1844, the fruit was gathered in
skins and in that manner conveyed to market. He
does not know their title, but says they are of an
excellent quality, and are never sold for less than two
dollars per bushel. Mr. Aubry thinks the healthiness
of the trees is attributable to the loamy sandy
soil, in which the trees send forth deep strong roots,
and are thereby enabled to receive an average sup-
port of moisture all the year round. There are also
other orchards in the vicinity from fifty to sixty years
old, which average thirty bushels per year, and others
from thirty to forty years old, which yield from
twenty to twenty-five bushels per year. All these
trees are healthy and produce good summer and fall
fruit. Young pear trees are always killed by the
high water, if the water comes over the leaves, otherwise
they are not injured. They have no name for
the various sorts, but call them all "pears." From
the Rev. Mr. Frohbae, I learned that the oldest
pear trees in Prairie du Rocher are about fifty years
old; the trees are somewhat neglected, but notwithstanding
he made an excellent crop last year, a part of
which he converted into "pear cider," which is of an
excellent quality. Said trees are all of one kind, the
fruit, very high flavored, and juicy, the name has
been lost, and the tenacious and taciturn pear refuse
to give it. They ripen in July and are the size of a
large hen egg, but Mr. F. thinks they can be greatly
improved by a higher state of cultivation. Said
trees are all growing in the rich, black sandy soil,
formerly the bed of the Mississippi.

Mr. Thomas Crosby, a highly intelligent English
nurseryman living near Belleville, calls said pears
"Cahokia Seedling." Three years ago we planted
fifty standard trees, purchased from Mr. C. and have
not yet been able to detect any disease, said trees ap-
pearing to be hardy and healthy so far.

Geo. C. BISSENMEYER.

Several specimens of wine presented—a medium
quality Catawba, from Nauvoo, Ill.; currant wines
(or cordials) of fair quality.

The repast provided by the hospitality of Mrs. Dol-
bee, was discussed, in committee of the whole, the
proceedings of which clearly demonstrated that the
utmost harmony existed, and that the zeal and
capacity of our worthy members had not been im-
paired or abated. This gratifying point being es-
tablished, committee rose, reported progress, W. C.
Flagg in the chair.

Mr. Dolbee's grounds are beautifully situated, on
the bluffs immediately up the river above the city,
with a scenery not surpassed in the neighborhood of
the city of bluffs. His fine residence is situated on
five and a half acres of land; its elevation about 300
feet above the river; has a fine variety of fruit,
among which are 220 peach; 150 apple; 100 pear with
small fruits, and about 2,000 grape vines, consisting
mostly of Catawba, Delaware and Concord.

Next meeting to be held on Friday, March 3d,
1865, 10 o'clock, A. M., in Alton, at the residence of
Charles W. Dimmock, Esq.

H. G. McPIKE,
Secretary.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

The Statesman, Columbia, Mo., says:
We are in receipt of the February number of this
valuable periodical, edited by N. J. Colman. Being
of incalculable interest to the farmer especially, every
one should have it. Such a journal is a public neces-
sity, and its wide circulation will tend greatly to the
development and prosperity of our great State. We
wish it ample success.

The Journal, Freeport, Ill., says:

The old "Valley Farmer" is issued in a new dress
and in a different form. Friend Colman feels the
need of a more frequent visit to his subscribers and a
more intimate intercourse with the families of the
same. The old limits are too circumscribed. It is the
aim of the editor to make his paper a weekly. At
present, however, Colman's Rural World will be pub-
lished on the 1st and 16th of every month. Know-
ing the ability of friend Colman to publish a good pa-
per, we doubt not it will prove a desirable visitor to all.
Missouri is now a free State; henceforth she will be a
formidable rival to Illinois. Free schools and
free churches will follow the reading and thinking
population, which will now seek a home in the broad
acres of "Broad Missouri." In point of natural
resources, she is not behind any of her sister States,
consequently the prospects of the "Rural World" are
flattering and encouraging. Success attend the
work.

PLANT AND BROTHER's Catalogue of Seeds and
Agricultural Implements, 136 pages, is at hand, and
equals any published East or West. Send stamp
for it.

BEDDING PLANTS. 1865.

The subscriber would call attention to his large and
well grown stock of Bedding Plants, embracing a
splendid collection of Verbenas, Petunias, Heliotropes,
Saxifrages, Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c. Also, a fine col-
lection of Dahlias. Well rooted cuttings of Dahlias
supplied in May. Jobbing Gardeners would do well
to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Address STEPHEN BERT, at St. Louis Nurseries,
Care N. J. Colman, St. Louis, Mo.



CRAIG MICROSCOPE

Combines instruction with amusement, and lasts a lifetime. The best, simplest, cheapest and most powerful microscope in the world. Gotten up on an entirely new principle. A beautiful gift to old or young. Magnifies nearly 10,000 times—power equal to complicated twenty dollar microscopes. The only instrument which requires no focal adjustment, therefore can be used by every one—even by children. Adapted to the family circle as well as scientific use. Shows the adulterations in food, animals in water, globules in blood and other fluids, tubular structure of hair, claws on a fly's foot, and in fact there is no end to the number of objects which can be examined in it. Liberal discount at wholesale. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circulars. Price only \$2.50; beautiful mounted objects \$1.00 per dozen.

The Pocket Novelty Microscope, companion to the Craig, represented in the above cut, for examining living insects, seeds, cloth, skin, wool, bank bills, flowers, leaves, &c. &c., is a compact and handy instrument. Price only \$2.

NANSEMOND SWEET POTATOES FOR
Seed. Price \$6 per single bushel.
\$15 per barrel of three bushels. Reasonable
discount on large orders.

Plants also in proper season. This variety is successfully grown at the North. Send for circular of directions, etc. Address, MURRAY & CO.,
Foster's Crossings, Warren Co., O.

P. M. PINCKARD,
STATIONER, PRINTER & BOOKBINDER,
Nos. 78 and 80 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.
Invites the attention of Booksellers, Country Merchants, School Teachers and others, to his full and complete stock of SCHOOL BOOKS, WRITING PAPERS, BLANK BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, MASONIC BOOKS AND BLANKS, FAMILY BIBLES, STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS, SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, &c.

I have for sale
Sorgho or the Northern Sugar Plant,
By Isaac A. Hedges, 12 mo. cloth. Price, sent by mail,
75 cents.

County Offices supplied with Blank Books and Stationery, at reasonable rates. Blank Books of any required pattern made to order, at short notice.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of every description
nearly executed.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention
and will be filled at as low figures as if the purchaser
were present. Address orders to

P. M. PINCKARD,
Nos. 78 and 80 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

BALL'S OHIO
MOWER AND REAPER.

We are making this justly celebrated Ma-
chine, and farmers wishing to purchase, would
do well to send in their orders early.

For particulars and prices, send for circulars.

Kingslands & Ferguson,
Corner of Second and Cherry Sts., St. Louis.



HOME GROWN TREES AND VINES.

30,000 Concord Vines. 5,000 Hartford Prolific

10,000 Delaware. 5,000 Norton's Va.

And a good supply of Herbemont, Taylor,

Rebecca, Diana and other choice sorts.

5,000 standard Pears. 10,000 Dwarf Pears,

5,000 Peaches. 10,000 Apple,

And a good supply of Cherries, Plums, and

Small Fruits, ALL OF GOOD QUALITY

AND VERY CHEAP. Send for the price of

what you want to buy.

Sales and Packing Lot Cor. 7th and Olive.

Nursery on Grand Avenue,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. M. JORDAN.

TREES !!!

TREES! TREES!

I desire to call the attention of Western Planters
to my superior stock of

APPLE TREES FOR SPRING PLANTING.
I have the following varieties which have been recommended
for Western cultivation by the Missouri State Horticultural Society. These trees have all been raised by me and are warranted to be as represented.

APPLES.

Price 25c each; \$20 per 100.

Red June, Early Harvest, Red Astrachan,
American Summer Pearmain, Sweet June.

SUMMER.

Rambo, Maiden's Blush, Fameuse, Pennsylvania Red Streak, Fall Queen.

WINTER.

Smith's Cider, Pryor's Red, Rome Beauty, Yellow Belleflower, Peck's Pleasant, Rawles', Janet, Newtown Pippin, Michael Henry Pippin, Willow Twig, Wine Sap, Gilpin, Ben Davis (synonymous with Carolina), New York Pippin and Baltimore Red.

I have the following, recommended by the same
Society, as promising well in Missouri, viz:

Benoni, Kirkbridge White, King of Tompson-
king County, White Winter Pearmain, Ortley, Keswick Codlin, Williams' Favorite.

Besides these, I have a large number of other varieties,
all adapted to Western cultivation.

Price for Peach Trees, 30c each, \$25 per 100, ex-
cept for Hale's Early, the price for which is 50 cents
each.

Orders left at the office of the

Rural World and Valley Farmer,
97 Chestnut St., promptly filled.

NORMAN J. COLMAN.



VANDIVER'S CORN PLANTER.

Is the one to buy.

Try it and be convinced, that it is the only planter
adapted to the work it professes to do, leaving nothing
to be done by chance, as is the case with all
planters that depend upon the wheels to cover the
corn. This machine is put up in the best style; has a
polished steel furrow-opening share; plants check
rows; is a perfect dropper, coverer and roller. Does
good work in rough or foul land that cannot be plan-
ted properly with any other machine; and is the only
successful sod planter—warranted to perform as
recommended. Terms, cash, at shop, \$70. For sod
planting attachments, \$8 extra.

For Planters, Circulars, or other information, ad-
dress BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,
No. 56 North Second St., Saint Louis, Mo.

PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY.

We can spare a few hundred plants of this valuable
hardy, red raspberry, unsurpassed for market or fam-
ily use. Price Three Dollars per doz.

NORMAN J. COLMAN, St. Louis, Mo.



HAWKEYE CULTIVATOR.

The above cut represents a back view of this favor-
ite machine, now acknowledged to be without a super-
ior, and wherever brought in competition with other
cultivators it has taken the preference.

The Hawkeye excels other cultivators in its opera-
tion on side hills, in the fact that the depth of the
plow is altered instantly to accommodate them to
uneven surfaces, such as dead furrows.

It is also preferable to any other in stony or stony
ground, as it is arranged so that no material part of
the cultivator can be injured when the shovels strike
an obstruction.

A pair of adjustable shields is furnished with each
machine.

Its simplicity, strength, and the ease with which it
is managed, will commend it to all.

Farmers in want of a cultivator, are requested to
compare its merits with others before purchasing.

Send for circulars.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,

No. 56 North Second St., Saint Louis, Mo.

Sorgho Journal and Farm Machinist,
Devoted to Northern Caneculture, improved Farm
Machinery and Progressive Husbandry. This work
affords the latest and most reliable information upon
all matters relating to the Northern Caneculture, in-
cluding the subjects: SEED, SOIL, CULTIVA-
TION, and the operations of Harvesting, Grinding,
Defecating, Evaporating, Refining, Graining, etc.
Third volume commenced in January. Monthly,
\$1.00 a year.

Sample numbers free. Address
SORGOH JOURNAL, FARM AND MACHINIST,
Mar 15 st
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Ottawa Indian Reserve in Kansas,
IS OPEN TO SETTLEMENT.

The Indians, numbering 200, are educated and keep
80 acres each, and become citizens in two years. They
have donated 20,000 acres to a Baptist College, and
the building is erected. The Reserve is 11 miles
square, and the county seat is located in the center on
the Marais des Cygnes River. The first house was
erected last April. We have now fifty white families,
three saw mills, &c.

No liquors allowed to be sold. The Reserve is well
watered and timbered, and abounds in lime stone
ledges and has coal banks.

20,000 Acres of Prairie are for sale at one dollar and
seventy-five cents to three dollars per acre, and ten
acre tracts of timber, distant one to three miles, at
six to ten dollars.

Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers wanted imme-
diately. C. C. HUTCHINSON, Indian Agent.

Mar 15 st
Ottawa, Franklin Co., Kansas.

COMMERCIAL.

ST. LOUIS WHOLESALE MARKET.

TOBACCO—Sales of 1 hhd serape at \$3 40; 5 green
hds at \$5 70 to \$6; 8 factory at \$4 40 to \$6 75; 4
planters' at \$8 80 to \$15 25; 5 medium shipping at
\$17 50 to \$20 50; 1 fine do at \$27 25; 1 good manu-
facturing at \$39 25, and 6 boxes. Bids on 56 hogs-
heads were rejected.

HEMP—We quote common and fair undressed
hemp at \$125@\$135; good and prime at \$140@\$145;
choice at \$150@\$160; dressed hemp at \$255@\$260;

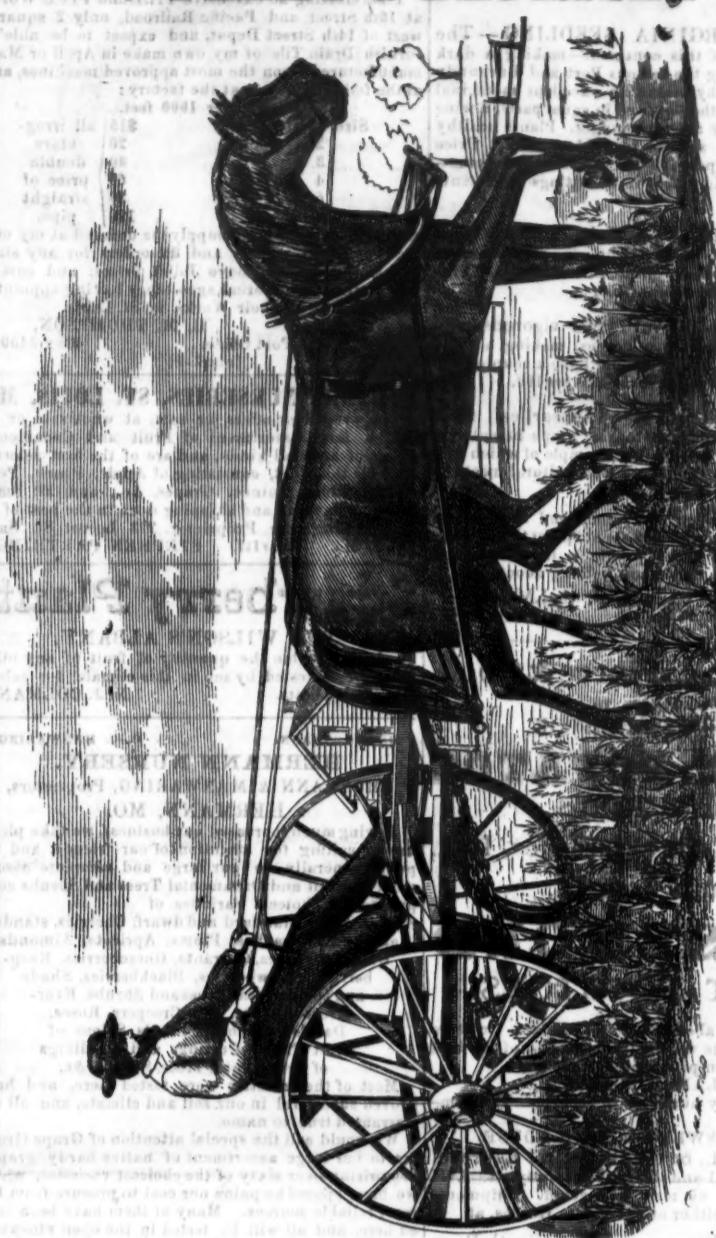
uncovered hatched tow at \$100; covered do at \$108
@\$110 per ton. Sales of 18 bales undressed at \$125;
5 do do at \$130; 7 do inferior do at \$105; 150 do prime<br

25 North Main St.

PLANT & BROTHER,

St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE



STAFFORD'S SULKY CULTIVATOR.

3000 sold in 1864. Will cultivate from 10 to 15 acres per day, doing away with all hard labor. Weight 370. Of this justly popular machine, we sold ONE HUNDRED last season, and could not get enough to fill our orders. Of all the Riding Cultivators yet introduced, this is the most simple in construction and substantial throughout. We are the general agents for KANSAS and MISSOURI. Price at Factory, \$70.00.

PLANT & BRO., 25 North Main St., St. Louis.

MISSOURI AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE.

No. 26 South Main st., opposite Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,
Grass, Field, GARDEN and Flower Seeds.CHAMPION SELF AND HAND RAKING
REAPERS & MOWERS & Single Mowers.The Latest Improved Ohio
Machine.

Those wishing to purchase a harvester, are requested to call and examine this acknowledged CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

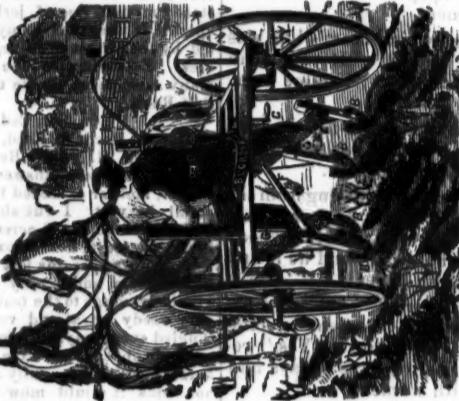
Haworth's Prairie State double check row Corn Planter

In which is combined in the GREATEST DEGREE all the qualities of a PERFECT MACHINE.

Herewith find out of celebrated

Buckeye Sulky Corn Plow.

Ride while you plow your corn. Buckeye Sulky Corn Plow fully sustains all that is claimed for it. Preferred over all others where ever introduced. Most simple in construction—most easily managed—gives entire satisfaction. Call and Examine.



Also, dealers in Rubber and Leather Belting, Threshers and Horse Powers, Sulky and Revolving Hay Rakes, Hay Hoisting Forks, Cider Mills, Plows, &c. &c.

BUCKEYE WHEAT DRILLS,
VICTOR SORGHUM CANE MILLS,
COOK'S SORGHUM EVAPORATORS.

Van Brunt's 2-horse Broad Cast Seed Sowers.

We believe that in all of the above machines the public will find decided advantages over any other machines of the kind now in use. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves.

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE
Nonpariel Washing Machine, with Universal Wringer
Best in Use.

Particular pains taken to furnish

Pure and Reliable Garden Seeds, growth of 1864.

Send for Catalogues—furnished gratis.

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,

NO. 26 SOUTH MAIN ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

BUCKEYE CORN PLANTER.



The Best Planter Offered to the Farmer.

There are several reasons why this is the best Planter in use, and the following are a few of them, viz: It never cuts a grain of corn. It cannot choke. It never misses a hill, if the lever is moved. The corn is effectually covered. The driver sits on a seat that never tips down. The shoes rise above the ground themselves. This is the only machine in use, or that can be used, wherein that is the case, and that alone will please every man who sees it. The corn is dropped from cylinders provided with grooves which agitate and feed the kernels into the cups, and it never can miss a hill when the lever is moved.

Send in your orders early for the

BUCKEYE REAPER & MOWER.

The only Machine that does the work to perfection, and has no equal in the world.

Also, Dealers in

Landreths' Celebrated Garden Seeds,

REVOLVING HORSE RAKES, SULKY RAKES, CUTTING BOXES, &c. AND THE

CELEBRATED MOLINE PLOWS.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

No. 56 North Second Street, above Pine, St. Louis, Mo.

Almanacs for 1865 and Illustrated Catalogues Furnished gratis.

KNOX FRUIT FARM AND NURSERIES.

GRAPES.

Our vines are grown in the open air, from the best of bearing wood taken from our own vineyards, and are greatly superior to those grown under glass with their roots cramped in pots. They are healthy and vigorous, having remarkably good roots, and give entire satisfaction in their growth when planted, which is the true test of a good vine. We offer, in large quantity, the following:

Concord, Diana, Elsinburg,
Delaware, Union Village, Herbeumont,
Hartford, Maxatawny, Allen's Hybrid,
Creveling, Taylor, Rebecca,
IONA, ISABELLA, ADIRONDAC,

And all other desirable kinds.

RASPBERRIES.

Our collection is unsurpassed if equalled anywhere, and includes:

HORNET, the largest of all, and of great excellence.
PILATE, very large and valuable.
IMPERIAL, very productive and fine.
SOUCHETTE, very beautiful and good.
JOUET, very beautiful and good.
BRINCKLE'S ORANGE, finest flavor.
FRANCONIA, one of the very best.
IMPROVED BLACK CAP, hardy and very profitable.
PHILADELPHIA.

ALLEN'S HARDY, &c.

BLACKBERRIES.

New Rochelle, Dorchester and Newmas, in any

quantity.

CURRANTS.

We have taken special pains to collect the best varieties of Currants, and have a very large supply of

CHERRY, largest and best for jelly.

WHITE GRAPE, best white, very fine.

VICTORIA, productive and latest.

SHORT BUNCH RED, productive and very good.

VERSAILLAISE, very large, and best quality.

Gooseberries, Asparagus, Linnaeus Rhubarb,

&c. &c.

Send for Catalogue, enclosing stamp, at our

Seed Store, Horticultural and Agricultural

house, No. 29 Fifth St.

All articles belonging to such an establishment can be had, of the best quality, and on the most favorable terms.

J. KNOX, No. 29 Fifth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

2t—mar15

Clippings

THE JOHN H. MANNY

Improved

REAPER & MOWER

Self-Rake, Hand Rake,

Mower.

This machine, made at

ROCKFORD, ILL.

Is especially adapted to the wants of the

FARMERS OF THE WEST.

As a Combined Reaper & Mower.

It has enjoyed an excellent reputation for years; it

has progressed in improvements till the

Improved Jno. H. Manny

At this time so far excels that made several years ago,

that the farmer acquainted only with the old machine,

must see and witness the work of the new Improved

John H. Manny to fully realize its superiority.

SELF-RAKE

Has been added to the machine, which works with a steady motion, free of jerks, requiring less power to operate it than that of any other rake.

It is controlled by the driver who regulates the size of the bundles.

Following is the testimony of one out of many farmers who have used the machine with the Self-Rake.

Rod Oak, Cedar Co., Iowa, Oct. 22, '64.

Messrs. Hecht & Reed, Agents for Manny Reaper:

Sir—The J. H. Manny Reaping and Mowing machine

I bought of you answered every expectation as a reaper, and far exceeded it as a mower. I had but a small harvest. I cut about 80 acres of small grain and mowed about 30 acres of grass, and had no trouble in the least; not a box or bearing got hot. The self-raking apparatus is a complete success, working like a charm, and so easy to drive that I consider it a great advantage to the team. We cut and raked some very weedy wheat and very heavy oats, lodged and tangled every way, and full of "morning glory." The machine appears to have no side draft, one span of horses operating it easily at a very slow walk. I did not think it would mow my sloughs, as they were thickly set with Red Top, lodged and tangled badly. I got a Hall machine and tried it for two or three hours; had to lay it by; it would not work at all. I then tried the Manny; it went through without any trouble. In a word, the machines are all and more than you claim for them. All who have seen mine work, admire it for its lightness of draft, good raking and clean cutting. Yours truly, JOSEPH PATTERSON.

"You get drunk every morning," said one drunkard to another. "You are wrong; I drink, too, but only when my business is done."

"Oh," answered the other, "if I get drunk in the morning, my business is done for the day."

What is the difference between a bee and a donkey? One has the honey and the other the whacks.

The reason that the organ in Dr. —'s church

did not play last Sabbath was, we are informed,

its having a new stop put to it. It was added,

we believe, by the deputy sheriff.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of

in relation to his companion, said he kept a hot

house.

"This horse you sold me can't be made to

budge the first step." "Well, didn't I guarantee

him as never starting?"

On a pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I'm

very sad, you see," he replied, "Oh, no, you be-

long to the other Jewish sect—you are very fair,

I see."

What is the difference between a pound of

meat and a drummer boy? One weighs a

pound, and the other pounds away.

"Miss," said a sot to a young lady, "what a

pity you wasn't a mirror." "Why so?" said

the lady. "Because you would be such a good

looking lass."

Frederick II. used to say, that for every ap-

pointment he conferred, he made ninety-nine

enemies and one ungrateful friend.

Who was the fastest woman mentioned in the

Bible? — Herodias; when she got ahead of

John the Baptist on a charger.

A modern French writer says: "A physician

prescribing to a sick man always reminds me of

a child snuffing a candle—it is ten to one but

he snuffs it out."

Shelly the poet, led a very unhappy life. His

children were taken from him by the Court of

Chancery, and his first wife committed suicide.

A man who avoids matrimony on account of

the cares of wedded life, is compared to one

who would amputate his leg to save his toes

from corns.

He who has found a good son-in-law has

found a child; he who has a bad one has lost

a daughter.

November and December are called the embers

of the dying year.

Indemnity for the past—pay up. Security for

the future—pay down.

The great man is the man who does a great

thing for the first time.

A good way to "kill time," — slay it. Yes,

slay without distinction of age or sex.

Why are chickens liberal? Because they give

a peck when they take grain.

It is not kind to say of an actor that he suc-

ceeded in executing his character.

PRUKE.—A chap who is sent out to borrow

tobacco of the enemy for the officers.

Let us love little children; they are the deli-

cate flower-gods of a soon fading Eden.

The light of other days—Oil-lamps.

The ideal is a sort of Don Quixote, and the

real is his Sancho Panza.

Warning to speculators—Look out for bro-

ken ahead.

Send for a pamphlet and further particulars.

W. P. PENN,

Agent,

No. 15 Vine Street, between Main and Second

ST. LOUIS, MO.

GRAPE VINES.

NORTON'S VIRGINIA SEEDLING.

The great wine grape of this continent—making a dark red wine, resembling the famous Port and Burgundy—pronounced by physicians an excellent medicinal wine. Mixed with the Concord in equal parts, a wine is formed praised by all good judges. Plants healthy and productive, not subject to mildew or rot. Price 25 cents each; \$25 per 100 for well rooted layers. Strong two year old plants from cuttings at 50 cents each; \$35 per 100.

TAYLOR'S BULLITT.—A vigorous, healthy, white grape, making an excellent wine resembling in high degree the sherry wine of commerce. Fine layers, 25 cents each; \$25 per 100.

CONCORD.—One of our most vigorous and healthy market and family grapes, making a good, light wine. Every family should have a couple dozen plants. Price 30 cents each; \$20 per 100.

HARTFORD PROLIFIC.—The earliest, most prolific and most profitable market grape in cultivation, making also a good wine, a sample of which was on exhibition at our late State Horticultural meeting. Price 40 cents each; \$30 per 100.

The above grapes we can recommend for general cultivation, and every farmer should plant them. They will find them far more profitable than the high priced kinds, which they know nothing about.

N. J. COLMAN,
St. Louis, Mo.

Tenbrook, Pierce & Co.

Successors to

JOHN W. TENBROOK,

SWEET POTATO

CULTURISTS,

Rockville, Ind., Vincennes, Ind.,

South Pass, Ill.

NANSEMOND

SWEET POTATOES.

Our stock of the above variety of Potato (in store for next spring), is unusually large, and of the best quality, having been propagated from the

BEST LARGE POTATOES.

Selected from many hundreds of bushels. The completion of our

MAMMOTH SWEET POTATO HOUSE, At South Pass, Ill., on the Ill. Central Railroad. Will enable us to fill and forward promptly all CASH orders with which we may be favored. Shipments will be made from either of our Potato Houses, at

Rockville, Ind., Vincennes, Ind., or South Pass,

Ill., as desired by purchasers.

RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED, In every county, town and village, to sprout our potatoes on the halves. Address,

TENBROOK, PIERCE & CO.,

marl-2t] Rockville, Ind., or South Pass, Ill.

Cauliflower certain to Head.

J. M. THORBURN & CO.,

Beg to call the attention of Amateurs and Market

Gardeners to their celebrated

Nonpariel Cauliflower Seed,

25 cents per paper; \$1.50 per oz. or \$20 per lb. We can confidently recommend the above as the very best variety in cultivation. Also,

Extra Early Peas.

Early Cabbage Seed.

Early and Late Celery.

English Frame and other Cucumbers.

Early and Late Lettuce.

White Japan and other Melons.

Red, White and Yellow Onion.

French and Chinese Radish.

Upright and other Tomatoes.

Early, Flat and other Turnips.

For Varieties, Descriptions and Prices of all Seeds, Send for the CATALOGUE of Vegetable and Agricultural Seeds.

J. M. THORBURN & CO.,

15 John St., New York.

NEW FLOWER SEEDS,

J. M. THORBURN & CO.'S

Annual Descriptive Catalogue of

Flower Seeds and Spring Bulbs,

Containing all the desirable novelties of the

season, for

1865.

Has just been published, and will be mailed

free on application to

J. M. THORBURN & CO.,

Growers and Importers of Seed, 15 John Street,

New York.

The New Zinnia Mexicana, 25 ots.

per paper, by mail.

marl-2t] 15 John Street, New York.

DRAIN TILE.

I am erecting an extensive TILE and PIPE Works at 16th Street and Pacific Railroad, only 2 squares west of 14th Street Depot, and expect to be able to furnish Drain Tile of my own make in April or May, manufactured upon the most approved machines, and at the following rates at the factory:

Price per 1000 feet.	
Size, 12 inch bore,	\$15 all irreg.
2 "	20 ulars
3 "	40 double
4 "	60 price of
5 "	80 straight
6 "	120 pipe.

And until I am able to supply the demand at my own factory, I will receive and fill orders for any sized Tile at 10 per cent. above Joliet prices, and cost of transportation and breakages—they having appointed me sole agent for their Works, in St. Louis.

Address, H. M. THOMPSON,

Box 3459.

Office in rear of Post Office,

[marl-2t]

WESTERN NURSERIES, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The proprietor offers for sale, at wholesale or retail, a large assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, of most all kinds, and are of the best selected fruit for the West, consisting of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Quince, Grapes, &c., and all Small Fruits. Packing and shipping done in the best of order. Address the Proprietor, 223 Locust St. Saint Louis, Mo. [marl-2t] STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

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N. J.